

Office of Arcturan Military Communications
Grell 43-107, Acturus IV
planetary rev 201, stellar rev 73 AST

to: The inhabitants of Sol-III, who should surrender now or be incinerated.

Greetings.

At this very moment Gir Draxon is celebrating his inevitable conquest of Sol-III, the planet you call Earth.

Pitiful Terrans, I scoff at your feeble attempts to stop the vast wave which is the Imperial Arcturan Armada. This wave will sweep the cosmos from end to end. Every planet, every star, every quasar, every parsec of the universe will be under the Arcturan flag, and will be ruled by the iron fist of Gir Draxon.

I, Raf Torin, Mouth of the Overlord, issue a challenge:

I challenge any Terran to stop the assault on Earth. You Terrans have always been such cowards, clinging to your homeworld like frightened vermin. Will my challenge go unanswered? Is there not one among you who will accept?

My master calls, I must depart. I shall gain a great deal of personal satisfaction when I visit your planet and view what is left of it from an Arcturan warship.

Best wishes,

Raf Torin